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JL



The Doctor: HERE I CARRIED THAT PATIENT THROUGH A DESPERATE SICKNESS, ONLY TO—  
His Wife: HAVE HIM OBJECT TO YOUR FEE?  
"NO; DROP DEAD WHEN HE SAW MY BILL!"

LIFE.

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OUT

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# LIFE

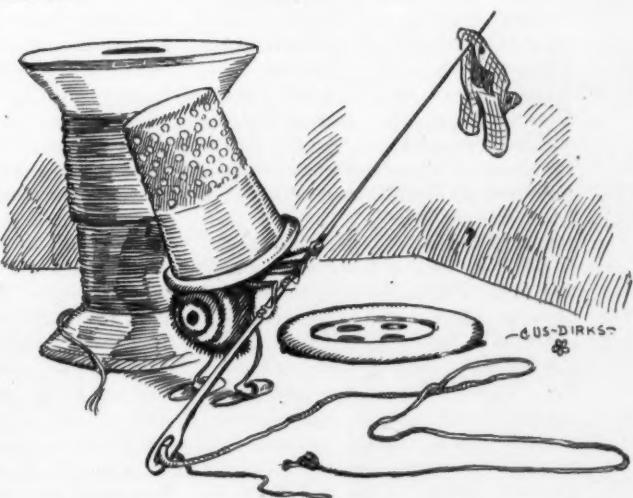


### His Home-Brought Luggage.

**I**TEM : A battered dressing case.  
Items : A game bag and a gun.  
Item : A girl's bright pictured face.  
Item : One dollar—and only one.

### Open Season for Human Beings.

**A**BOUT the usual number of folks are being killed and wounded this year in the Adirondacks and Maine woods by eager sportsmen, who mistake them for deer or other wild creatures. The annual list of casualties of this nature is large, and some of the fatal accidents are very distressing. They could all be avoided by proper precautions, as the use of raiment of violent hue, and the employment of protective noises. A horn and bellows so geared to the sportsman as to give a warning toot at every step would tend to warn careless marksmen of his presence, and while he stood still he could blow a whistle. It might scare off some game, but men go to the woods more for health than for meat, and personal safety is of more importance than fresh venison.



*Mr. Spider: GOODNESS ME—I CAN'T SEE HOW ANYBODY CAN SEW BUTTONS ON WITH THESE THINGS.*

## • LIFE •



*"While there is Life there's Hope."*

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IN the considerable fraction of the earth with which our foreign policies have to do there are several other sore spots besides the one in the Philippines. One of them is in China and concerns the results of missionary labors. Our practice, and that of other able-bodied missionary nations, has been to compel China to receive and protect our missionaries, and also to protect their converts. When the converts were ill-used their custom has been to appeal for protection to the missionaries, who appealed to the nearest consul, who complained to the American Minister, who complained to the Chinese Government, which apologized and gave redress. The upshot of all this was that the missionaries wielded a secular power in China which conflicted with the power of the local Chinese authorities. That was an evil. It got the missionaries disliked by the Chinese, and it led to abuses, for there is abundant testimony that a good many rascallion Chinese affected to be converted in order to be protected by missionaries against the justice of their own country. The defects of the system are apparent not only to the worldly-minded, but to some of the missionaries, and to persons sincerely interested in their work. Lord Salisbury in England called attention to them, and

they have been fairly discussed by some of the church papers in this country. President Smyth, of Foochow College in China, says the system is a failure; that it checks and stunts all missionary success; that it fails to protect in times of crises, and itself brings crises on. He would withdraw all foreign protection from Chinese converts and have the Western governments renounce the religious protectorate altogether. He seems to have pretty sound ideas, but the chance that they will prevail is not so good as one could wish. Our Government seems more disposed to deal fairly with China than any other government is, and it might make a new deal about missionaries, but there would still be Germany, France, and the other powers to settle with, and they are not disposed to have their rights of interference in Chinese matters abridged, or to lose the chance of grievances which may lead to reprisals.



THE truth is that if China could only make up her mind to it, and only had a mind that could be made up, it would be the very making of her, politically and industrially, to be converted wholesale, and imbibe the doctrines and practices of the Methodist Church. Think what good it would do her, how she would wake up, what an army she would have, how the coal and iron would come out of her! Who can doubt that forty years of devotion to Methodist ideals and methods would qualify her to send missionaries to Paris and to back every dozen missionaries with a battle-ship. The more one thinks of the present missionary system in China the more it seems an outrage on the Chinese: the more outrageous it seems, the more indispensable it appears that China should be converted to the Gospel of Peace and learn to hit back to some purpose. These ideas may seem a bit contradictory, but is it not the truth that the only nations of the earth that are able nowadays to take good care of themselves and impose on other nations are the great Christian nations, and especially the Protestant nations, and more particularly the Protestant nations that most abound in Methodists?



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON has come out for McKinley in a brief deliverance which implies by its omissions as well as by what it includes that there are large and important reservations in his approval of the policies of the present Administration. He says he does not believe that Congress has absolute legislative power in the territories, and he considers the bill for the government of Porto Rico "a grave departure from right principles." This means that the ex-President is so halting and incomplete an imperialist, that it need not surprise anyone if Colonel Roosevelt finds occasion after election to pronounce him "timid."

There is no doubt that General Harrison really desires the success of the Republican candidates next month, but he is a conspicuous representative of a very large and important body that will vote for McKinley in spite of their objections to what he represents. If the President is re-elected, as seems reasonably sure, it will be by the votes of men who are opposed to his policy in the Philippines, but who are unwilling to trust Bryan to rectify it.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE no more believes in that policy than General Harrison does. Not long ago he criticised the President with vigor for trying to found an empire in the East. Yet recently, in declaring for the Republican ticket, he stated as one of the reasons why the election of Bryan was "abhorrent" to him, that he held Bryan "directly responsible for the death of every one of the brave American soldiers slain in the Philippines." There could not be a greater impertinence. General Wallace himself has taken sides strongly against the Philippines policy, and if that makes a man responsible for soldiers' deaths, he is as much responsible as Bryan is. He would have done better to imitate the forbearance of General Harrison and say nothing about the Philippines.



THE LISTENER

THEY HAD QUARRELED, AND THIS IS WHAT SHE HEARD HIM SAY BEFORE SHE ENTERED: "I'LL BRACE UP AND BE AS CRUEL AS I CAN. BUT IF I HAVE TO GIVE IN, I WILL."

**Cupid Protests.**

(A POEM WITHOUT METRE.)

SOME bards of to-day seem possessed of a curious notion,  
That I dwell entirely among past and forgotten things;  
That I belong to the period of guitars and lattices, of courtly and  
poetic devotion,  
And could not possibly approach within a century, without  
moultling my wings.

They generally depict me in rural scenes, which is a pity!  
In the society of shepherds and shepherdesses, who play on be-  
ribboned flutes, and dance in a ring;  
They would look with horror upon the idea of my living comforta-  
bly in a crowded city,  
And as to my having anything to do with nineteenth-century love-  
affairs, they couldn't hear of such a thing!

They won't understand that I do not positively require gallant  
knights in armor,  
Nor yet the bewitching belles in powder and patches, portrayed  
by Watteau,  
And that I can make myself quite as much at home under the red  
shirt of a modern farmer,  
As under the perfumed laces and flowered satin of an Incroyable  
beau.

I'd like to have them learn that I do not favor the romantic Past one  
bit more than the common workaday Present;  
That I do not preside exclusively over the Dresden-figure style of  
courtship, all gilding and flowers and pretty speeches in  
rhyme;  
And that often in a little up-to-date flat I can find quarters quite  
as pleasant,  
As in the inevitable rose-trellised cottage where these incon-  
siderate poets wou'd have me spend my time.

So, open! good friends of the present; let me in, and I'll shortly  
prove you  
That Romance is alive and in good health, whatever the poets  
may say,  
That hearts are as warm as ever, and that the talismanic words, "I  
love you,"  
Were not one whit more potent in the Age of Chivalry than they  
are to-day!

*Margaret Frances Mauro.***A Letter.**

DEAR LIFE: Your Colorado correspondent, Mr. Calkins, is  
an unconscious humorist, who should rank high upon your  
roll of fame. He tells us that "Panics are not the result of any  
policy of any administration," that "Finances are entirely inde-  
pendent of politics," that "Our prosperity depends upon the will  
of banks."

If Calkins had been long of stocks when the late lamented G. C.  
issued his Venezuela attack upon the British lion's tail, he would  
not look favorably at any sympathizing friend who attempted to  
console him with his own dicta.

Instead of our prosperity "depending on the will of the banks,"  
let me persuade Calkins to bring his intellectuals to bear upon this  
proposition: "The prosperity of the banks depends upon the will  
of the people" (expressed at the ballot box).

The idea that "banks" or "financiers" ever profit by panics may  
seem like truth to the men who regard William Jennings B. as a  
great political economist, but to other people it bears the earmarks  
of Thomas R.-t.

NEW YORK, October 5, 1900.

Affectionately,  
*Cynic.*

## • LIFE •

## Composite.

**H**ER mind is magaziny:  
A fair amount of fads,  
A little reading matter,  
And the rest composed of "ads."



**I**N *Quisanté*, Anthony Hope shows us one more of his many literary sides. After the charming froth of *The Dolly Dialogues* came the edition, compelling popularity, of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Now we have a book of four hundred pages devoted from cover to cover to the study of the character of a single man, and concerning itself with but three years of his life at that.

A genius and a cad, inspired and a fake, you must both admire and despise Alexander Quisanté, and yet be unflaggingly interested in him. The book will have fewer readers than other works of Mr. Hope's and fewer of its readers will like it; nevertheless it is the best thing he has written. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Anna Katharine Green is declared to have spent two years' thought upon *The Circular Study*. This is manifestly either a brilliant recommendation for the book or a sad giveaway for the author, and unfortunately the book—a detective story—is a veritable "bunch of foolishness." (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Many an entertaining book has been written upon the basis of an absurd idea, well handled. But when in *The Bacillus of Beauty*, by Harriet Stark, the results of inoculating a homely girl with this new-found virus are discussed throughout a thick volume of four "books" and innumerable chapters, it passes the patience of the most consistent reader of trash. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

It is seldom that we are privileged to read a volume at once so charmingly written and so entirely interesting as the *Memoirs of Countess Potocka*. This lady, born in 1776 of royal Polish blood, was intimately connected with the stirring scenes enacted in her country

and in Vienna and Paris during the career of Napoleon. Her memoirs deal with the period between the Third Partition of Poland in 1795 and the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The translator, Mr. Lionel Strachey, has done his work most excellently. (Doubleday and McClure Company.)

*As You Like It*, printed in large, clear type, on rough paper, with decorative margins and superb illustrations by Will H. Low, has been issued by Dodd, Mead and Company.

An interesting series of political stories is presented under the title of *The Girl and the Governor*, by Charles Warren. They are well told and amusing, and it is to be regretted that the campaign methods of "Governor Clinton" do not prevail more extensively at the present day. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Every once in awhile some one issues a book on how to be beautiful, presumably because there is a big demand for this sort of thing. The latest is *The Attainment of Womanly Beauty*, a poorly-printed and shoddily-illustrated little volume issued by The Health Culture Company. (New York.)

*A Furnace of Earth*, by Hallie Erminie Rives, author of *Burning Flax*. Wouldn't that scorch you? Do not buy the book on the promise of the title, however, or it will prove disappointing. It is intended as a psychological study of a girl who thinks that her love should be all soul and no body. Now he who would acceptably lay bare the inmost recesses of a young girl's mind must indeed employ a most delicate literary scalpel, and Miss Rives does not employ a scalpel—she wields an axe. (The Camelot Company.)

*The Dollar or the Man?* is a book of cartoons by Homer Davenport which have appeared in the New York *Journal*. Mr. Davenport is an ideal *Journal* artist. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

*The Diary of a Dreamer*, by Alice Dew-Smith, is not so much a diary as a succession of reveries, which have to do with the life of the average married woman. The book is full of delightful humorous touches. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

## OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Smoking Car*. A farce. By W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*F. Berger's French Method*. By François Berger. (New York, Paris, London.)

*Sam Houston*. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott; *Stonewall Jackson*. By Carl Hovey (The Beacon Biographies). Small, Maynard and Company.

*Notes for the Guidance of Authors*. Compiled by William Stone Booth. New York: The Macmillan Company.

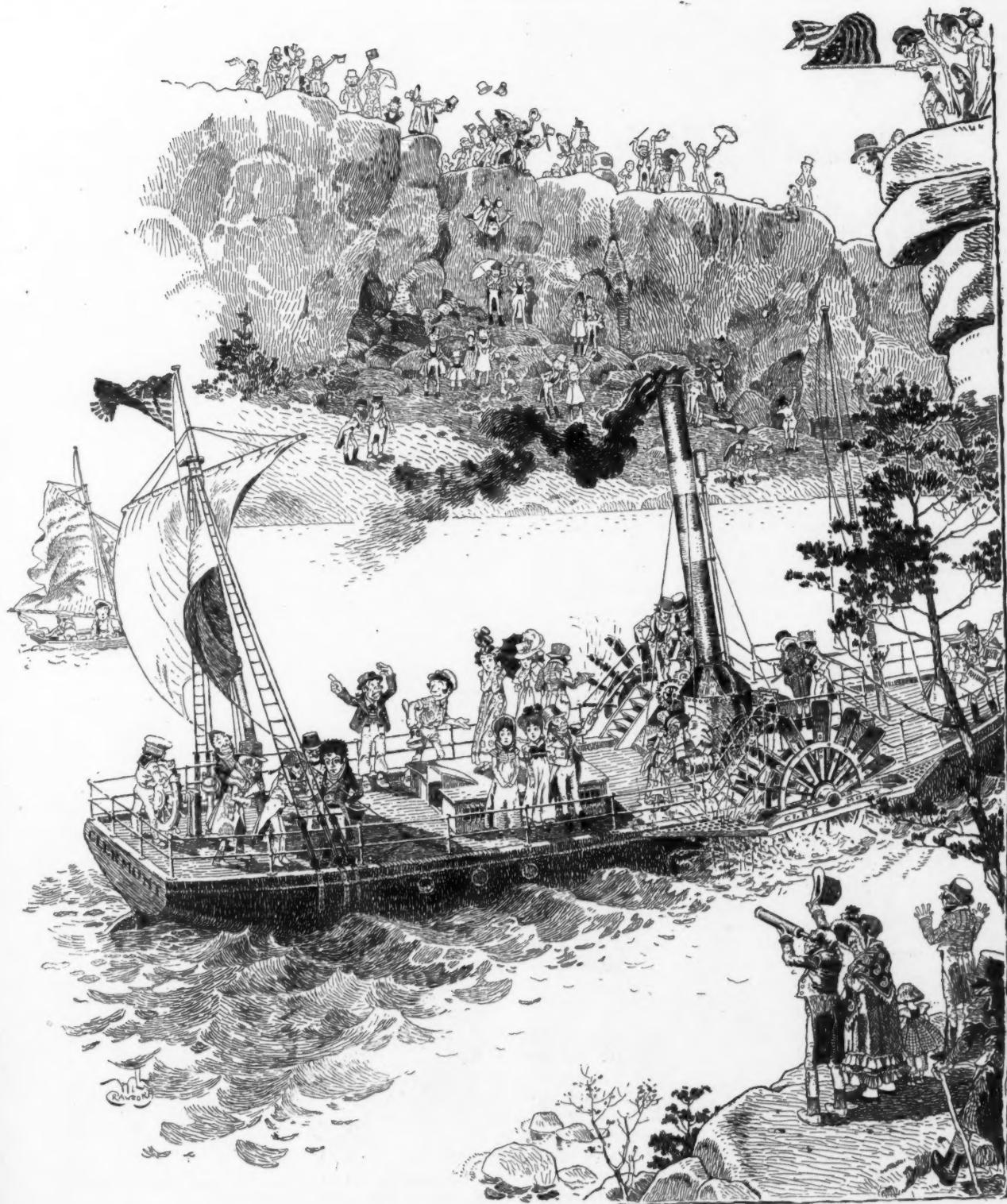
*The Binks Family*. By John Strange Winter. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

**D**AVID HARUM has come to be one of the standards of literature with which new books are compared, and by which their claims to merit are adjusted. One popular story, which is selling pretty well, is lauded in advertisements as "better than David Harum." Another just issued is described as "in no wise resembling David Harum except," &c., &c. The literary papers even have lately withheld some of their spare space from discussion of the exploits of Mr. Kipling and devoted it to wranglings for and against the theory that a certain David Harum of somewhere was David Harum's original. One very acceptable bit of David Harum information has been that the recovery of the Messrs. Appleton from their embarrassments insures the payment of Mr. Westcott's royalties to his children.



HALL CAINE'S LOOK ALIKE TO ME.

AS SUNG BY THE POPULAR YOUNG WARBLER—MARIE CORELLI.



HISTORIC BITS.—XXIII.

ROBERT FULTON MAKES A BOAT GO BY STEAM.

## LIFE.



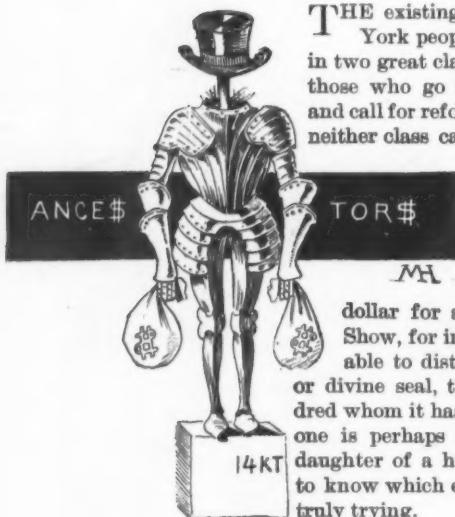
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

"MRS. ISAACSON, WERE DERE MANY GRISTIANS DERE DEES ZUMMER?"  
"NOD MANY, BUD ZOZE ZAT WERE DERE WERE MORE OBNOGZIOUS DAN EVER."

## How We May Know Them.

THE existing conditions under which New York people go to places of amusement in two great classes—those who go to see, and those who go to be seen—are unsatisfactory and call for reform. Under the present régime, neither class can go home feeling that it has had its money's worth.

It arouses bitter feelings in the bosom of the miscellaneous Three Million which lives and moves, but has no being in the social world, to pay its good dollar for admission to the Horse or Dog Show, for instance, and then to be unable to distinguish by dress, manner, or divine seal, the worshipful Four Hundred whom it has come to see. To feel that one is perhaps rubbing elbows with the daughter of a hundred—oil wells—and not to know which elbow is being so rubbed, is truly trying.



At the opera, of course, it helps out some to have the printed lists of the boxes, but it isn't altogether satisfactory. You may feast your eyes for a whole evening upon what you believe to be Mrs. Rockbilt in person and yet wake to read in the next morning's paper that it wasn't she at all, that Mrs. Rockbilt has been for weeks in the south of France, or Cairo, or Kamschatka, and that her box was occupied last evening by Mrs. Otherfeller. And so it goes!

On the other hand, what can be more trying to a member of

the Four Hundred than to step down into the promenade of the Horse Show out of a five-hundred dollar box, and be lost in a moment among a crowd of people who have paid a paltry dollar for admission? Or to appear at the Dog Show arrayed like the lilies of the field or Solomon in all his glory, if one is to remain unknown to the common herd and unsung in the society column? What is the use of a brilliant appearance at the opera if one is to lose the glory of it by a mere change of boxes, or a misprint in the morning paper?

Here, then, are conditions that call loudly for reform. Something must be done to arrange things so that both classes may get their money's worth out of these entertainments. It would be pleasant for the Three Million to recognize the Four Hundred even on the streets, in the Park, and in church.

\* \* \*

THERE is but one solution to the problem—catalogue the Four Hundred! Number and ticket their sacred persons—then they will not lack recognition from a public which yearns to do them honor yet knows not when they are by. Place the catalogue in the eager hands of the Three Million and the present inconveniences will vanish, the Social Register will be driven out of print, and the Four Hundred will at last be known as it would be known!

The catalogue would really be very simple, and would work like this. Your plebeian eye would be caught by the number on the sleeve of a tall, thin girl, whom otherwise you would have failed to notice. You would turn to your trusty catalogue (which you would always carry with you, of course), and you would find an entry like this: "No. 15. Rose Nabob, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 100 pounds, spinster, value \$7,000,000."

\* \* \*

OF course there would be a few difficulties to be met in making such a catalogue and in keeping it up to date. There would doubtless be some



*The Turtle Sprinter : Aw, that's no fair; you're cheating, Mr. Rabbit. You've got an alarm clock.*



IF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SHOULD COME BACK TO EARTH.

hard feeling in aristocratic breasts as to who was entitled to come first and be Number 1. Or Mrs. 47 might elope with Mr. 24 (such things do happen in the Four Hundred), in which case would their numbers be cancelled in the catalogue? If Miss 15 should marry Mr. 56, would this be a case of two entries with but a single number as well as "two hearts that beat as one"? And what a fearful mixing up of numbers in the catalogue the divorce habit would cause! Then, too, there is the question of children to be considered. Would an elaborate decimal system have to be resorted to in order to provide the next generation with numbers?

Awaiting the man who can solve these problems and successfully carry out the idea, are fame, fortune, and the gratitude of the Three Million plus the Four Hundred!

*Roselle Mercier.*

?

O GENTLE READER, do you never hanker  
To smash the midriff of some hoary cad,  
Some bull-necked plutocrat or bloated banker,  
Whose wine is good and conversation bad?  
Do you not feel, when in your morning paper  
You read the praises of some social frump,  
As if you'd like with number tens to caper  
Upon the gushing editorial chump?  
Do you not wish that with ungoverned passion  
You might go ramping through both church and state,  
Smashing the idols that are "quite the fashion,"  
And jolting every "most respected" skate?  
Well, if you don't—if your down-trodden liver  
Ne'er makes you long such righteous things to do,  
O gentle reader, I am all a-quiver  
To rise and kick the sawdust out of you.

•LIF



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A WIDOW AND HE

IV.

MISS BABBLE, THE AUTHORESS, CA

•LIFE•



OOW AND HER FRIENDS.  
IV.

THE AUTHORESS CALLS AND READS ALOUD.



### A Surprise and the Usual Thing.

**A**BOUT once in a canine lifetime New York manages to discover for itself the artistic merit of a dramatic entertainment. That such discoveries are made is no fault of the Theatrical Syndicate, for that concern is not given to originating things artistic. It deals only in ready-made successes, even though the success mark is put on by no authority better than the dirt-loving audiences of the minor theatres of Paris.

A pleasant proof that New York is not completely fooled by the Syndicate is the quick appreciation given to the highly attractive performance of Henrietta Crosman as *Nell Gwyn* in the play called "Mistress Nell." *Nell* is a lady whose relations with Charles the Second of England have been touched upon by history, but the dramatist has not gone into too much detail, and the episode with which he deals—*Nell's* restoration to the King's favor by countering the attack of *Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth*—is skillfully handled and carries no offense. Henrietta Crosman came here unheralded, but not unknown. She has been a member of several New York companies in which it was possible to secure something like dramatic training. Of late she has been banished to the vicissitudes of "touring," but, by accident securing the use of a New York theatre, she has secured recognition for her genuine ability. She enters thoroughly into the rollicking spirit of *Nell* and the mood of her time, bringing to the part presence, intelligence and magnetism. Her delivery is good, and she has a sense of humor. The *Charles* of the piece is not an especially interesting character, but Mr. Boucicault managed to give him sufficient kingly dignity and personal pulchritude to make him possible as *Nell's* condescending lover. The other characters were sufficiently well rendered to make an efficient background, and the scenic appointments were satisfactory. In a community given to demanding excellence of material and performance in its theatres, "Mistress Nell" might not cut an extraordinary figure; in the present era of meretriciousness and mediocrity it comes as a very refreshing and agreeable surprise.

Some day, when the obituary of the Theatrical Syndicate has been written, American theatre-goers will wonder why artistic endeavors like "Arizona" and "Mistress Nell" had to sneak into New York by stealth, when the coming of clap-trap was widely heralded, and room was always ready for the production of inferior or pernicious trash.

\* \* \*

**I**N direct contrast to a play like "Mistress Nell," and directly in line with the taste and fancy of the great bulk of New York's theatre-goers, is the entertainment entitled "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park," and it shows that New York's popular standard is a pretty low one. As the leading attraction we have two comedians working hard in a school, the fun of which has been thoroughly exhausted by themselves and their competitors in the same line, Messrs. Weber and Fields. The two Germans, who speak impossible English in an impossible dialect, were very funny at first, but they have grown tiresome. Their place is now on the

A GAME OF LEAP-FROG



country circuit, far from Broadway. Surrounded by other talent the Rogers Brothers might be endured, but they show no cleverness in giving their own abilities or disabilities an attractive background. Their play is a crude one and its lines and business not funny even to the easily-pleased crowds who flock to see them from force of habit. With one or two exceptions the songs of the piece are neither good nor well sung, even if judged by the music-hall standard. None of the lesser members of the company are funny or clever, and worst charge of all that can be made against an attraction of this type—the chorus-girls are anything but shapely or beautiful, in fact few of them even good-looking and many of them ugly.

And yet this performance nightly fills a New York theatre with people among whom may sometimes be seen persons who fancy themselves advanced New Yorkers and who speak with authority concerning entertainments of this sort. It simply goes to show that a large part of the New York public would rather see a bad show of this sort than patronize anything that calls for intelligence to comprehend. Another justification of the charge that New York is not a metropolis but a "jay" town.

Metcalfe.

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Theatre Republic*.—James A. Herne's artistic and humorous depiction of Sag Harbor and its citizens.

*Empire*.—John Drew, as *Richard Carvel*, gives a nightly object lesson in anglophobia.

*Metropolitan Opera House*.—A large company of competent artists singing grand opera in the vernacular of the United States.

*Daily*.—"San Toy." Bright, amusing and tuneful. Miss Minnie Ashley, as *Rhoda*, who kept a pagoda, sings and dances dull care away.

*Bijou*.—Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell." See above.

*Garrison*.—Mr. W. H. Crane's "David Harum." An American type, done by an American actor, with American humor.

*Lyceum*.—Annie Russell and a competent company satirizing the ways of royalty in an easily digestible play called "A Royal Family."

*Herald Square*.—"Arizona." Touching, stirring, well-acted and thoroughly amusing.

*Wallack's*.—"The Greatest Thing in the World." Interesting and well acted, but not really the greatest thing in the world.

*Garden*.—Richard Mansfield in "Henry V." One of Shakespeare's least interesting plays handsomely mounted.

*Victoria*.—"The Rogers Brothers in Central Park." See above.

**W**ISDOM loves solitude; that is why the majority of men are gregarious.



#### Speak Up, Mr. Yerkes.

**M**R. YERKES, of Chicago and New York, has bought an underground railway franchise in London, and proposes to operate it with American electricity. He knows how, and no doubt he will give the Londoners good service. When he has equipped his line and got it running, it is to be hoped that one of the magazines will hire him to write a piece comparing Chicago, New York and London in their attitude towards the rapid transit barons. His experiences in Chicago have been searching and profuse, and his financial success there has been considerable. One would really like to know how London officials seem to a man who had been able to do business profitably with Chicago aldermen.



his own generation in the way, he started to kill it off. But his method has not received general approval, and he was removed himself before he had a chance to give his

**A CANNER**, exceedingly canny, One morning remarked to his granny, "A canner can can Anything that he can, But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

#### An Advance Notice.

**M**Y scheme for the regeneration of the race differs from all others in two respects. It must not be tried on the people of the present generation, and it is bound to succeed.

My reason for sparing the men of my own time is that no one who has ever done anything worthy has succeeded with his contemporaries. This is not to be wondered at, for, when a man has gone to the trouble to establish himself in his errors, he is too comfortable to exchange them for the disquieting truth of another—which will prove in most cases to be only a new form of error. For this reason the teacher or reformer should always address himself to the next generation. Moses had a scheme for the benefit of the children of Israel, but before he could even try to put it into force he had to lead them around through the malarial lowlands of Arabia until a generation of them had died off. But his method was too slow, involving a great waste of energy, and he died and was gathered to his fathers before his end was accomplished.

Then there was Robespierre. He was going to fix up the world, finish it in white and gold, stationary tubs, etc., and, finding

scheme a trial. Yet his work was not wholly lost. It prepared the way for Bonaparte by leaving him only the right kind of people to work with.

Knowing all this and some more, I shall not try to do anything for my own generation or to get anything from it except a living, but the next generation is mine. Moreover, all succeeding generations will also be mine, for I have discovered the fatal error of all previous altruists from Plato to John Brisben Walker, and have provided a remedy.

The trouble with all past altruistic schemes is that they allow, even encourage, thought. Now thought is the greatest of all breeders of discontent. And when discontent comes people discard the system that has been provided for them and begin to think out new ones for themselves. But that will not happen under my system. Having thought out a scheme to make all the world happy, it would be an obvious waste of energy to let others do any thinking, and I have provided that, after the world has been reorganized along my lines, thinking shall be a criminal offense to be punished by death. Of course, many will object that, without thought, there can be no progress, but I reply that when perfection has been attained there is no need of progress, and it goes without saying that my scheme is perfect. And it is partly because I am so sure of my scheme that I am doing what may seem very unnecessary in writing this advance notice of it. The fact is that I am really too tender-hearted to be a great reformer, and recoil at the thought that many of my friends of the present generation will live into the next and will be in danger of death by some slip of the brain that may produce a thought. For that reason I write this to warn them to give up thinking now, so that they may be permanently vacuous when I take charge of the world. I do this with the more boldness because I know from association with them that they can do it with but little effort and without noticeable change in their conduct. But the rising generation needs no warning, being already as thoughtless as any reformer could desire.

P. McArthur.

**M**RS. YOUNGWIFE: I have at last discovered how to receive guests properly.

**MR. YOUNGWIFE:** ? ? ?

"I have everything ready and then look awfully surprised to see them."

## • LIFE •

## Driven to Steal.

If Ethel's bonnet is a "love,"  
Her Paris gown just "dear,"  
The latest coiffure "too too sweet,"  
It really makes me fear  
  
That I must soon a-thieving go,  
And snatch from Cupid's pelf,  
Some word as yet unused, to fit  
The charm of Ethel's self.

Anna M. Fowler

## On Being Engaged.

**T**O descend upon a subject with which the majority of mankind are so familiar requires some degree of assurance, and we must approach it with that caution which is necessary when one is undertaking the task of enlightening a possible superior. Authors, as a rule, should hold together, and write only upon subjects of which their readers know less than they, because the chief value of an interesting lie depends upon the ignorance of the recipient. There is then no chance of being contradicted. We are safe.

With engagements it is different. We have all had more or less experience, and each one feels fitted to give his own advice. There are, however, a few points upon which too much light may never be thrown.

With a man, the engagement period lies between the time when he first begins to act like a fool, up to the time when he realizes his folly. Being engaged is a dream. When a man is married he wakes up.

Now, in considering this period, let us do so (if we can) without emotion, in that calm, broad, scientific spirit in which all momentous questions should be treated. Politics, battles, map-making are as nothing compared to it. We must first, then, abandon ourselves to a proper definition :

**ENGAGED:** A short period in the life of a man or woman (usually, but not necessarily young) in which the appetite declines, the pulse doubles, and everybody else suffers. During this time there is occasional, but no long-continued sanity. The subject moves as in a dream. If a man, he spends money like a magnate, and if a woman, she believes everything she is told. **SYN.: Won, Landed, Caught.**

It is not to be expected that, during this period, a man will be guided by reason, but it is just as well to know

where we stand. There is always a method to any madness.

First, the ring. The blind folly of man has been the cause of more trouble about the ring than almost any other agent. There is only one safe way. A man should always surprise his fiancée with an engagement ring which she has previously selected herself. This is not only a good beginning, but it will be the cause of future harmony. By showing his idol that he knows she doesn't trust him, her lack of confidence will be neatly turned into a source of happiness.

This point settled, the engaged couple may be considered well launched upon their brief career, and we may well stop to consider why and how the length of this period has such bearings on this blessed, dovetailed idiocy. The engagement is usually thought to be a time—not indeed of probation—but of delightful tintillation, of honey-sweet expectancy, when the steeds of responsibility are given slack rein, and we move along the road of life in a wondrous abstraction. Yet hold! There must be a limit to all this, beyond which it is not safe to go. At the end of a week's engagement, a man is always convinced that nothing can ever come between them. At the end of a year he is still sitting up nights, but (alas!) he is doing it by a system. The best time for a man to wed is that opportune moment when he becomes thoroughly convinced that he will never understand HER. Then let him marry her quick, for he has arrived at a permanent and settled basis of reasoning.

We would not be brazen iconoclasts and shatter too suddenly this beautiful image by any untoward inference; yet, in an atmosphere surcharged with electricity, there must be, perforce, occasional storms—and quarrels come to make Love more brilliant by contrast.

And what is to be done with them? How shall a man act? There is but one rule that seems to be best. When you are right, always give in; when you are wrong, stick it

out. This is the only way you can be sure of retaining HER respect. With quarrels there may be jealousies, which are sometimes desirable, often inevitable. Yet when a man is jealous, he should never attempt the disastrous alternative of concealing it. Let him out with it! But there are sorts and conditions of jealousies. Choose, ye lover, the right sort. Let yours be an epic jealousy, and you will be called a fool for your pains, which is HER best word for you—HER highest praise.

This is only the man's side, after all. Poor, floundering fellow, he needs help, sympathy, encouragement, in this awful, blissful hour, but we may never teach the woman. She knows it all, always.

**W**EALTH is too apt to be handed down. The world would be better if it were handed up.

## Ominous.

"I T'S very discouraging," said the young man. "I confess that, at times, I considered myself a genius."

"But perhaps you are," suggested his friend, soothingly.

"Impossible. I explained my plans to half a dozen hard-headed, practical men, and not one of them seemed to think I was a blamed fool."



*Mrs. Bug: THERE NOW, MR. BUG, I TOLD YOU NOT TO KEEP THOSE SHADE-TREE SEEDS IN THE CELLAR.*



"I THINK I SHALL TAKE RUTH TO NIAGARA."

"DIDN'T YOU JUST GO THERE ON YOUR WEDDING TRIP?"

"YES, BUT NOW WE WANT TO GO AND SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE."

# LIFE.



TO "MRS. T. SANDYS"

On the Occasion of Her Recovery from an Attack of Forgetfulness.

Dear Grizel : We have felt for months,  
Since Barrie got so hazy  
With sentimental tommyrot,  
That some one would go crazy.

While James M. went his league-long way  
Elaborating matter,  
He had his readers growing mad  
As vacuous Aaron Latta.

In your unselfish way you've saved  
Brain-weary, dazed humanity ;  
Your sad attack of "Alice" was  
Vicarious insanity.

Relief's in sight for all of us,  
With joy we'll aye remember  
That tune that rings the knell of Sandys :  
"Concluded in November."

—New York Evening Sun.

## DOOLEY ON THE STAGE.

"Plays is upside down, Hinnisay, an' inside out. They begin with a full statement iv what's goin' to happen an' how it's goin' to come out, an thin ye're asked to forget what ye heerd an' be surprised be th' outcome. I always feel like goin' to th' office an' gettin' me money or me lithograph pass back after th' first act.

"Th' way to write a play is f'r to take a book an' write it over blind end foremost. They're puttin' all books on th' stage nowadays. Fox's 'Book iv Martyrs' has been done into a three-act farce-comedy, an'll be projoced by Delta Fox, th' author, nex' summer. Webster's 'Onabridge Ditchnry' will be brought out as a society dhrama with eight hundred thousand char-acters. Th' 'Constitution Iv

th' United States' (a farce) be Willum McKinley is runnin' to packed houses, with th' cillybrated thradeejan Aggynaidoo as th' villain. In th' sixteenth scene iv th' last act they're a maygur lynchin'. James H. Wilson, th' author iv 'Sillo an' Enslage, a story fr boys,' is dhramatizin' his cillybrated wurruk an' will follow it with a dhramatic version iv 'Sugar-Beet Culture,' a farm play. 'Th' Familiar Lies iv Li Hung Chang' is exptected to do well in th' provinces, an' Hostetter's Almanac has all dates filled. I undherstand th' Bible'll be r-ready fr th' stage under th' direction iv Einstein an' Opperman before th' first iv th' year. Some changes have been nicens'ry fr to adapt it to stage purposes, I see be th' pa-apers. Th' authors have become convinced that Adam an' Eve must be carrid through th' whole play, so they have considerably lessened th' time between th' creation an' th' flood an' have made Adam an English nobleman with a shady past, an' the Diville a Fr-rinch count in love with Eve. They're rescued be Noah, th' faithful boatman, who has a comic maygur son." — E. P. Dunne in Harper's Weekly. (Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.)

SAMUEL SHORTRIDGE entertained Paderewski at a supper in his rooms in the Palace Hotel one night, and invited a dozen congenial souls to partake of the harmonious feast.

Paderewski doesn't play for everybody—unless everybody has the price—but Shortridge was his very dear friend, and as a token of his distinguished appreciation of that friendship the great pianist graciously signified that he would be pleased to favor not only Mr. Shortridge, but any friends whom Mr. Shortridge might care to invite. Mr. Shortridge carec. to invite the aforesaid dozen, and the dozen opened its twenty-four ears to the fullest when, after the wine, Paderewski seated himself at the keys and began his own famous minuet. Indeed, one of the dozen gave such rapt attention to his ears that he forgot his hands, and allowed one of them to steal into his trousers' pocket and fall to caressing sundry coins

that reposed therein. Suddenly Paderewski stopped as though the piano had broken its string-board. The jingle of coin had penetrated into the harmony of the minuet, and the minuetist had heard it. He wheeled about fiercely, grew red in the face, and plumped his hands down hard upon his knees.

"W'at!" he cried, transfixing the luckless gentleman with the coin. "W'at! Do you t'ink I play for money?"

The gentleman with the coin had to be assisted to his feet as he rose to apologize, and Mr. Shortridge explained to the shocked virtuoso that the jingling of coin in the pockets is only an American way of testifying pleasure in a free entertainment—or something to that effect. — *News-Letter*.

APROPOS of the trouble the Shah is causing at Ostend, a story is being told by the *Belgian Times* of the first visit of Naar-ed-Din, the father of the present monarch, to the King of the Belgians at the Chateau de Laeken. When he saw the Queen, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, the Shah said to the King :

"Your harem, sire?"

The question took the King so much by surprise that he did not for a moment reply, and the Shah, taking his silence for consent, looked critically along the line and added, mildly but decidedly :

"You will have to renew it." — *London Express*.

"I HAVE never done much toward pushing my discoveries before the public," said the professor. "I am content to know that when society needs them they will be available."

"But think of fame!" she exclaimed, admiringly. "Think of having your name on everyone's lips; of having your picture in all the newspapers!"

"My dear madam," he answered, with a shade of severity, "I am neither a jockey nor a prize-fighter."

— *Washington Star*.

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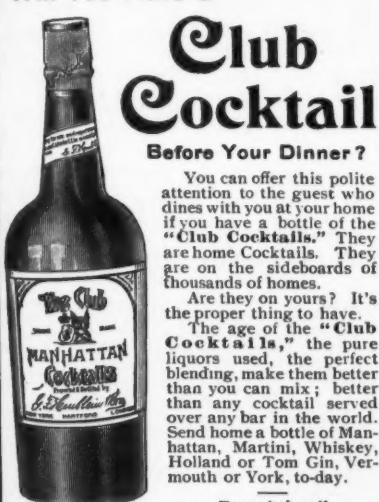
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# LIFE.

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HORSENECK, WIS., September 20.—The people of this city are dissatisfied with the census, which gives it a population of thirty-three souls. It had been confidently expected that the returns would show at least forty people here. The gain of 46.7 per cent., however, is considered highly gratifying.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

## HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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MAY PUTTER: Everybody's talking about the way you let Jack Huggard kiss you on the links yesterday.

BELLE HAZARD: Well, I couldn't help it. I was just teeing off when he asked me if he could have just one kiss. I yelled, "Fore," and he took them.

—Philadelphia Press.

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FIRST THEATRICAL MANAGER: I thought you were going to put on "The Winter's Tale," and now you are billing "Midsummer Night's Dream."

SECOND MANAGER: Yes; I didn't like the name of the other piece. It sounded too much like frost.

—Philadelphia Record.

## WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE

Between a person suffering from heat prostration and Allen's Foot-Ease? One feels the heat, and the other heals the feet.

"WELL," exclaimed the persistent poet, upon opening his mail, "I call that encouraging."

"Have they accepted something?" asked his wife.

"No; but instead of the printed rejection slip, the editor returns my quatrain with a criticism in his own hand."

"What does he say?"

"He says: 'Herewith we return your quatrain. It is too long.' —Catholic Standard."

## SHAKESPEARE AN ALE DRINKER?

Like Many Historians, His Writings Seem to Prove His Love for the World's Best Beverage.

Shakespeare must have been a lover of that rarest of beverages, creamy ale. In many of his plays his famous characters attest their fondness for "cakes and old ale," and so on from the earliest days writers and historians have made ale a theme. Even the song writers have sung its praises, and many a good old rousing chorus has opened the way to the cheer and happiness that follow the imbibing of that creamy, mellow, health-giving beverage that stands to-day, beyond a doubt, at the top of the list the world over, when it comes to a question of popularity.

Of course, in speaking of the great popularity which ale has reached, and the perfection of its brewing, and of America as making the best ale of the world, where England once held the palm, Evans' is the ale meant. There you have quality and perfection, the body as rich in color as virgin gold, the creamy flecking of foam as fine and delicate as spun silver, and a bouquet as dainty and as rare as the first breath of a summer morning wafted to you across a field of blossoming hops.

In everything there is a perfection, a best, a superlative degree, and in ale it is Evans'.

THE EDITOR: I guess our correspondent must have been alluding to shoes.

THE ASSISTANT: Why so?

"He says the St. Louis girls were there in large numbers."

—Chicago News.



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